

Wichita Daily Eagle

HOME.

Oh, home! God's temple, sacred, fair,
Whom sheltered by the wing of prayer,
Low dwells within thy calm, and still
With whitest peace thy bosom fill.

Oh, garden in the hallowed soil,
Prayer warmed, drop down, 'neath to tell;
Each little tree, each flower, each bud,
And bears the germ of heavenly fruit.

Oh, school! where tender minds receive
The highest culture earth can give—
To educate a soul great God's power—
What grander work can earth afford!

Oh, sanctuary altar, where
We bow ourselves aloft in prayer;
Where garments stained are made like fleece,
Blood washed by him, the Prince of peace!

Oh, heavenly home! where, from sin,
From vain regrets and earth's fierce din,
The meek and lowly Jesus has power—
The bud shall find its perfect flower.

—Good Housekeeping.

A SENSIBLE FAD.

Breakfast and Lunch Clubs Combining Pleasure and Economy.

There is a very notable revision of feeling on the part of society in the matter of needless display and lavish expenditure in entertaining. From this time out common sense prevails to enter more largely into such matters, with the healthful result of fewer heartburnings and a less marked tendency to dyspepsia.

The petty jealousies which beset the average society woman when, in spite of the knowledge that her husband is not likely to put forth her best appearance and have her entertainment a success, she sees her neighbor, blessed with a larger installation of this world's goods, without the slightest apparent effort, forge ahead, are likely to make her feel old and forlorn even before the close of the first season.

Doubtless all these things have had much to do with the organization of two clubs, which in every instance limit the expenditure for entertainments at their various meetings to a specified sum. The first of these, the Breakfast club, is composed of six members, and, like the second, the Lunch club, is an organization of some of the most fashionable women in society, the majority of whom, should they so desire, are able to entertain in the most lavish manner. The rule of the Breakfast club is that no one meal at which the members are entertained shall cost more than \$5, exclusive of flowers. At each meeting the hostess of the day has the privilege of inviting one young lady, who is only outside guest present. By far the more interesting of the two organizations, however, is the Lunch club, which numbers nine members, for which each hostess must exercise her ingenuity to devise a course luncheon at the cost of \$3. The thing is not only practicable, but that it can be done with happy result, has already been proved a number of times by the various hostesses, each of whom vies with her predecessor in devising menus which shall combine the qualities of variety, simplicity and plenty.

The following, a menu served at one of the recent luncheons, will be read with interest by every woman, whether she be in or out of the social swim:

Bonitos..... 10
Leaf Vienna bread..... 10
Chicken (three for)..... 10
Asparagus, lettuce with mayonnaise dressing..... 10
Veal croquettes, calves' brains sauce..... 10
One-quarter poached salmon..... 10
Choco salad..... 10
One quart home made ice cream..... 10
Mint jelly, the ingredients for which (lunch of six)..... 10
Two lemons, 3 oranges cost..... 10
One quart poached, served shell..... 10

Total..... \$3.00

Thoroughly extra allowed in coffee, and the inevitable rule is that each hostess shall have plainly marked on the menu opposite each article the exact price. Should there be the slightest deviation from this rule the hostess is not only liable \$1 in each instance, but, what is far more to the point, is adjudged deficient in resources and below the standard of her neighbors. These luncheons, it must be remembered, are not mere commonplace affairs, the ordinary expression of women whose thoughts reflect the interior working of the dining room or parlor; they are, but are very different, and are served and provided for by women of means whose minds are not with the daily frequency in every list of fashionable entertainments during the winter.—Washington Star, New York Times.

Woman's Love Too Expressive.

An old lady once told me that when she was a girl she visited a bride friend, and when the husband came home at night, tired, hungry, cold and cross, his young wife rushed into the hall and seized him as he struggled out of his overcoat, devoured him with kisses, to which he responded:

"There, there, my dear, perhaps if you didn't want to kiss me so much I should want to kiss you more."

Of course, the man was a brute, but his brutality was founded upon a sound truth. The great trouble with women under conditions of permitted love is that they lavish out of their hearts and homes of their affection a great deal more than the object can receive or assimilate. Her own powers of loving and being loved are so tremendously in excess of his that they weary, weary and satiate him long before she has adequately received her own tenderness.—Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Sentinel Walcott's Daughter.

Miss Courtney Walcott, the daughter of Senator Walcott of Mississippi, is by all odds the prettiest young woman in the senatorial circle. She is a brunette, with a clear complexion and rich coloring. Her features are regular and delicately cut, her teeth are like pearls, her hair brown, and her eyes of liquid hazel, expressive and beautiful. Miss Walcott has a petite figure, well rounded and graceful. Her charm of manner is sweetest and natural. She is not a romantic woman, but delights in the easy and frivolous round of social life.

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